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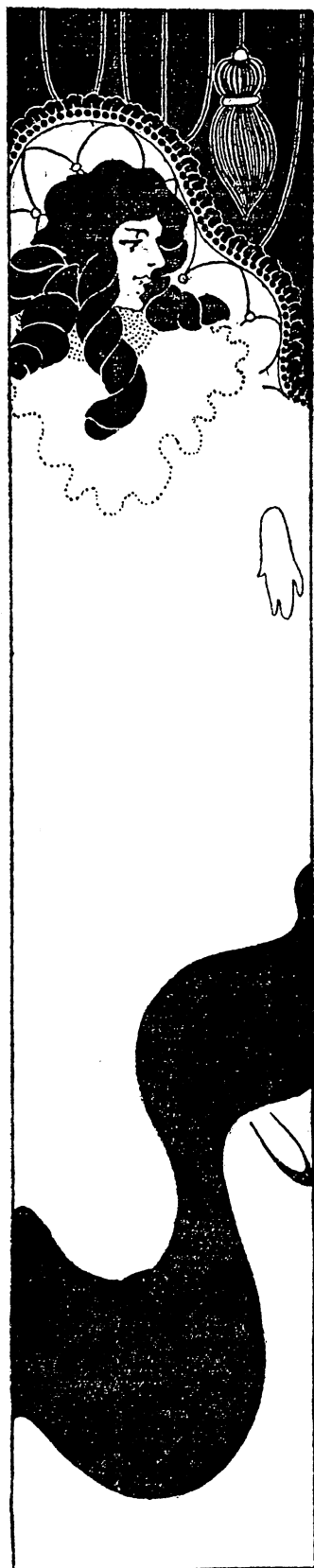
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Of these one by Moreau-de-Tours arrests attention because of a certain unconventionality of idea which belongs to its subject and its presentation; it is no more than a group of amateur musicians joining in a chorus, while the soloist leans against the piano waiting her turn; it is broadly painted and as simply as possible, but there is an unconsciousness of pose about the woman who plays the accompaniment as she strikes a full chord, and in the absorbed look of the child who has lowered her violin, that appeals to the imagination as do few of the more pretentious plates.

The style of the Figaro-Salon is to be commended for its clear type and good paper; most of the plates are produced upon the plain white surface, but an occasional one is printed upon a yellowish tint.

It is unfortunate that there should be a return this year to the variegated wrappers of the first series. The set for 1895 was agreeable to the eye in pale gray covers, the entire six being arranged alike, but the present series is again gorgeous in Joseph's coats of strong blue and orange and pink.

THE new edition of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M. A., F. R. S., Clerk of the Acts and Secretary to the Admiralty," transcribed from the shorthand MS. by the Rev. Mynors Bright, with Lord Braybrooke's notes, and edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, whose eight volumes have appeared at irregular intervals during the last four years, is practically ended, the remaining ninth volume containing only such additions as are calculated to mitigate the sorrow of the friends of Mr. Pepys, who would gladly have had him continue his journal.

It is included in the improved Bohn Library, and comes from Macmillan's publishing house as an excellent example of honest, unpretending, substantial book-making. The paper used is of good quality and pleasant tint, the print clear and bright, the binding a dull blue cloth, very pleasant to the eye; and, to turn from the purely mechanical side of the edition to the more artistic, the portraits, that amount, in the various volumes, to a gallery, are finely etched and invaluable as illustrating the times and people of note among whom Pepys grew to be great also. Besides the portraits are views of various apartments in which Pepys lived, his house in Brampton, etc. The preface and biographical sketch is even more copious and full of information than that in the former edition of Mynors Bright, good as that was, and it seems as if the most exacting could require nothing more than is here offered.

In this incomparable diary the public, whether desiring entertainment in the naive self-revealings of the private character of the writer, or information, in his record of the history of the early part of Charles II's reign; who may wish to become acquainted with art in the drama and songs of the day, or, lacking in interest in such matters, are curious with regard to the dress and fashion of the

SCENE IV. Palace of the Beast—

time and the viands on which the diarist fed with so much gusto, cannot fail in their search.

In view of the fact that the fear of blindness which caused Mr. Secretary Pepys to give over the keeping of his diary at the early age of thirty-six, never was realized, the reader is almost driven to conjecture that on a hitherto unexplored shelf in some library there must be further volumes of delightful gossip, only waiting to be found.

More fully than almost any man was Pepys acquainted with his own nature; he acknowledges with perfect frankness, in the safe secrecy of his cipher, what he had done amiss, and when he had broken his vows; for under vows as to the drinking of wine, to which he knew himself to be too much addicted, and the wasting of his always valuable time in attending plays and practising his music, Pepys lived the greater part of the ten years of his life (between 1660 and 1670) of which we have the record.

It was his usual practice, having written down a solemn vow, the text of which he does not give, to read this over on the Lord's day, being alone in his chamber, and bind himself anew with an oath to observe it, yet wishing not to be too strict with himself, setting limits to the time during which he should strictly hold to it, and also, in the matter of plays, not counting in the times when he was treated by friends. Therefore, when the embargo was off, Pepys indulged himself and his wife with a round of gayeties up to the latest moment, and then sadly recording it, "fell to minding my business, but Lord to see what a mind I had to a play."

In truth Pepys had little to repent of in the way of sloth. He was habitually a hard worker, "rising betimes," as he says, at four in the morning, and out before light to inspect the workmen under him, to test a late purchase of flax or tar, or, suddenly appearing at the side of one of His Majesty's vessels to find out for himself whether the men were all on board or no, and the captain sober.

He learned, being, as he said, "a good husband to the King," "the whole mystery of off-square wherein the King is abused in the timber that he buys; the other mystery of the sliding square, with the use of which he was "mightily taken," and what seems droll, considering that he must have been a good man of business, learning arithmetic.

His struggles with the multiplication table, with which he "had a bout" the first thing in the morning and the last at night for many a day before he mastered it, are ludicrous to read of. Being desirous that his wife should profit also he set to work teaching her. "She and I all the afternoon, on the Lord's day, at arithmetique, and she is come to do Addition, Subtraction and Multiflication very well, and so I purpose not to trouble her with Division, but begin with the Globes to her now."

Over the trouble with his eyes, of which one reads the mention on almost every page, Pepys was "sadly tossed" in his mind as to whether it was brought on by too much devotion to business,

**Beast asks Beauty to marry him;
she refuses. ✽ Enter Maid, Sisters,
Lovers, Servant and Devil.**





sitting up late at night with his books, or drinking too much sack posset and "too many and too much wines." In spite of his resolutions he was often "sadly foxed" and had to pay a fine of twenty shillings "according to my vow."

One side of Pepys' character, that of patron of arts and letters, has been curiously slighted by his commentators, and many details going to strengthen this aspect of this many-sided man left out in former editions, particularly matter relative to his passion for and study of music, probably because of his prominence as an official and man of affairs.

Pepys himself felt as vivid an interest in one thing as another; in the small as much as in the great. He evened the kitchen accounts with the same zest that inspired him when he composed "My great letter to the Duke of York," and rarely, not even in the perils of the Dutch invasion or visitation of the plague, went to bed without having piped, either singly or with his wife, on the flageolet.

He bought him a "chest of vials;" he played besides these on the flageolet, the theorbo, as well as the common lute, the triangle (one curious passage tells how Pepys "up to teach Ashwell [Mrs. Pepys' maid] the grounds of time and other things on the tryangle, and made her take out a Psalm very well, she having a good ear and hand."

He also played upon the flute to the admiration of his friends in the Navy Yard, and used to sit upon the leads or in the windows of his dining-room—the latter advantageously placed "so that I took much pleasure to have the neighbors come forth into the yard to hear me."

As late as 1670, after long debating the question of buying what he called a "harpsicon" and having been diverted from his purpose several times by being put out of humor through hearing the harpsicon vilely played, he at length after much hesitation between the charms of the harpsichord and "espinette," as he prefers to call the spinet, bought the latter, at a bargain too, giving but £5 for it.

He was rarely without an instrument of some kind at hand. Even in his first glorious sense of promotion, when the place was given him of "Secretary to the fleet" that was sent to fetch Charles II from Holland to his loving subjects, he remembered to take both flageolet and violin with him, and "all alone in my cabin, in a melancholy fit, playing on my violin," or in a happier frame of mind, trying a duo with W. Howe, his music was a great resource.

In July, 1660, Pepys in Whitehall Chapel "heard very good music, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organ and singing men in surplices in my life," the fact being that during the Commonwealth, organs had been destroyed all over the country, and in 1660 were but just beginning to come into vogue, the King setting the example, and being no doubt a noble patron but poor paymaster,—Pepys recording in 1666 how "Many of the musique are ready to starve, they being behind-hand five years in their wages; nay, Evans, the

SCENE V. The Purple Hall of the Palace—The Beast prepares a grand entertainment in which there are many strange ballets, wonderful acrobatic feats, weird dances, and various grotesques.

famous man upon the Harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die from mere want and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish."

Pepys was highly pleased with the company of composers, and meeting Lock and Purcell on the street would take them in to an inn where "we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs and a canon for eight voices which Mr. Lock hath lately made." Grown richer, he sometimes had a band of fiddlers to play for him and his friends; he crowded in to the Queen's chapel to listen to the choir, and always managed to hear the latest Italian singer.

An opportunity of this kind is thus described. There was "Signor Vicentio, who is the master-composer, and six more, and one woman very well dressed and handsome enough but would not be kissed. They sent two harpsicons before and by and by, they begun, and I confess, very good musique they made, that is, the composition exceeding good, but yet not at all more pleasing than I have heard in English. The woman sang well, but that which distinguishes all this is, that singing, the words are to be considered, and how they are fitted with the notes, and then the common accent of the country is to be known and understood of the hearer, or he will never be a good judge of the vocal musique of another country. So that I was not taken with this at all; neither understanding the first, nor by practice reconciled to the latter, so that their motions, and risings and fallings."

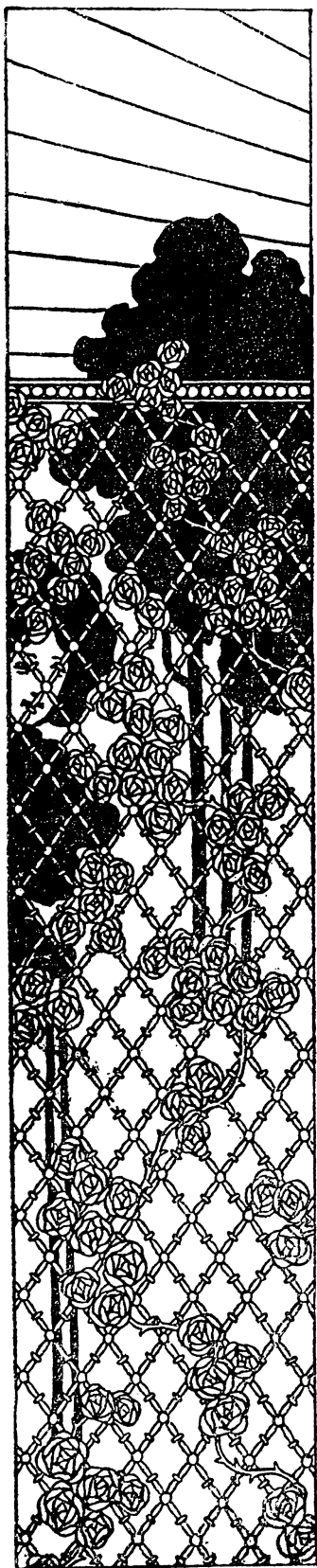
One fruitful cause of the many disagreements he had with his wife was the ardor with which he set to work to teach her maids both to sing and play, if they had any talent. Mrs. Pepys' jealousy had the final effect of causing her to demand that she have masters not only to teach her dancing, in which she delighted, but the flageolet and singing also. She came, through much practice, "to play the flageolet beyond what I thought any woman could do," on which there was more piping than ever, and in singing she advanced so far as to "do the trillo."

Mr. Pepys was no mean composer, and his songs, "Great good, and just," (the words by the Marquis of Montrose on the death of Charles I,) and "It is decreed," were "mightily cried up." Of another, "Beauty retire," Pepys remarks with complacency, that "Captain Downing who loves and understands music, extols above anything he ever heard." A facsimile of part of the score of this song is given in the fifth volume of this edition.

Although much of a courtier and ever ready to admire anything belonging to my Lord Sandwich, his noble patron and kinsman, it was honest appreciation of art that made Pepys "get leave to have his [Lord Sandwich's] picture copied that was done by Lilly,"—Peter Lely, not yet Knighted. Pepys bought other copies of portraits, notably those of "my dear Lady Castlemayne," after Lely; and had his own and his wife's portraits painted many times by Savill, Hales, Sir Peter Lely, whom he describes as a "mighty proud man and full of state,"

Enter Herald proclaiming death of Beast. Exit Beauty, hurriedly.





Sir Godfrey Kneller and Huysman. Etchings from all these portraits save those of Huysman and Savill serve as frontispieces in this edition.

Of that by Hale, painted in 1666 and now preserved in the National Portrait Gallery he writes; "Presently with my wife out to Hales, where I am still infinitely pleased with my wife's picture. I paid him £14 and 25s. for the frame, and I think it is not a whit too dear, for so good a picture. This day I begin to sit and he will make me I think a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulders to make the posture for him to work by."

He was cheered in his present choice of an artist by a few days later "having occasion to follow the Duke (of York) into his lodging, into a chamber where the Duchess was sitting to have her picture drawn by Lilly. But I was well pleased to see that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in the work which is now the second, if not the third time, as there was of my wife's the very first, nor do I think at last it will be like, the lines not being in proportion to those of her face."

"On another day he [Hale] and I resolved to go to Whitehall to spend an hour in the galleries there among the pictures, and we did go, to my great content, he showing me the differences between the paintings, and while my head and judgment was full of these I would go back again to his house and indeed though I think at first sight some differences do open, [Mr. Pepys certainly seems a trifle difficult to follow just here] yet very inconsiderable but that I may judge his to be very good pictures, and I am for his putting out the Landskipp, though he says it is very well done; yet I do judge it will be best without it and so it shall be put out and be made a plain sky like my wife's picture which is very noble."

Much mention is made of a miniature of Mrs. Pepys, who was accounted a beauty, painted by Cooper, no trace of which is now to be found, though evidently it was highly prized by Pepys, who says on its completion, "At Cooper's where I spent all the afternoon with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end to her picture, which he did to my great content, though not so great as, I confess, I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of the resemblance, nor in the blue garment, but it is most certainly a most rare piece of work, as to the painting," and judging from the price more valuable than the Hale portrait, for Pepys adds, "He hath £30 for his work—and the chrystal and case and gold case comes to £8. 3s 4d, and which" says honest Mr. Pepys, "I sent him this night that I might be out of debt."

Included among the many interesting portraits of great people that adorn the various volumes of this fine edition of the Diary, in which are to be found presentments of Charles II, James (then Duke of York), Lord Sandwich, Viscount Brouncker, Sir William Penn, the father of the eminent Quaker, Lady Castlemayne, and others, painted by Kneller and

SCENE VI. The Rose Garden.
The Dying Beast.—Song, "Love
Goeth Where it Will."

Lely and other artists of note—is an engraving after a painting of Mrs. Pepys as St. Katherine, done by Lely, and a print of a curious, glazed stoneware bust of Mrs. Pepys by one John Dwight of Fulham. Mr. Pepys did not think very highly of Lely's abilities in general, for he says of the grand collection of court beauties now in Hampton Court, "I did see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some Maids of Honour; done by Lilly, good but not like."

Pepys had a mind to purchase works of art, as well as to add to his collection of portraits, when it could be done economically, and one day in 1668, when he had money to spend, going with Harris, an admired actor of the time, to Surgeons Hall "where they are building it new, very fine, and there to see their theatre which stood all the fire (the great fire of London) and which was our business, their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it for a little money. I did think to give £200, it being said to be worth £1000, but it is so spoiled I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

Perhaps to make up for this disappointment he presently enjoined Henry Dankers, a famous Dutch landscape painter engaged by Charles II to "paint views of his seaports and palaces," to "take measure of my panels in my dining-room, where in the four I intend to have the four houses of the King, White Hall, Hampton Court, Greenwich and Windsor." He also had sent over from France many prints from the work of Nanteuil (the famous engraver) and others "of the King, Colbert and others most excellent to my great content."

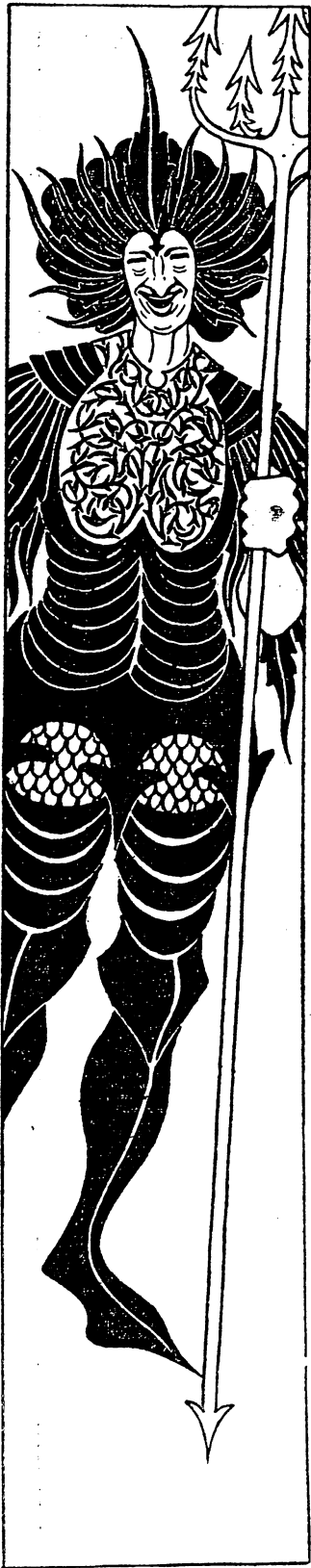
There was no pleasure so great to Pepys as to invite a company of people of consequence to dinner, "a brave, noble dinner," (the dishes being enumerated and commented on), and after it and "an infinite variety of wines served in my new silver cups, I up with them to my closet to view my engravings and paintings mighty fine."

Pepys appetite for books was omnivorous and he must have had a large library for the time, for he bought everything that was talked of from the books of sermons "writ in Latin" to the latest "roguish" French romance, which he read without Mrs. Pepy's knowledge and afterward burned lest it should get in his collection to disgrace him.

There were some books, it is true, that, however much admired, he could never bring himself to like. One of these was *Hudibras*, which "hearing it mightily cried up" he bought, but found silly, and gave it away, but still hearing it commended bought again, but could not relish. He highly approved Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, but would none of William Penn's works, which were no doubt painful to people of common sense. He makes an entry of how he "fell after supper to read a ridiculous, nonsensical book set out by Will Penn, for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense that I was ashamed to read of it." This was William Penn's first work entitled "*Truth Exalted*," etc. Pepys' strictures on this book would have been less severe could he have

Beauty loves Beast. Beast is released from enchantment and becomes a beautiful Prince.





imagined how great a man the author would shortly become. Fame was a powerful factor in winning Pepys' regard; nothing but the fact that the author was a man of rank would have made Pepys set out the tiresome play of "The Black Prince" by Lord Curley.

He made frequent calls on his bookseller, and usually to buy. One of these entries is specially interesting from the last item recorded. "Abroad, and to the New Exchange to the bookseller there when I hear of several new books coming out, Mr. Spratt's "History of the Royal Society," [which he bought in paper quires later], and Mrs. Phillips' Poems. Sir John Denham's are going to be printed all together. Cowley, the poet, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious, man, which I did not know before." This is a curious comment on the slowness with which news was disseminated at that time. Pepys was one of the most inquisitive of men, always looking for news, and yet Abraham Cowley had died many days before and had been interred with great state, in Westminster Abbey and Pepys had not heard of it.

Among his constant purchases were all the new plays, ballads and books of songs, of which there is in his library, now preserved in Magdalene College, a particularly fine and complete collection.

Much as he cared to read, he loved a play far better, and never grudged the spending of money so little as when thus bestowed. Tragedy, comedy or farce, all was to his liking. If the play was dull, he had all the more time to gaze on pretty women. His comments are sometimes droll, as when he says of "Macbeth" "I saw it lately. It yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy, which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper true and suitable."

One is glad to hear this commendation, for generally speaking Pepys thinks but poorly of Shakspeare's plays, "Romeo and Juliet being but a silly thing," and the few then acted, among them "The Merry Wives of Windsor," little to his liking.

On the contrary, "The Feigned Innocence, or, Sir Martin Marr-all" a play of my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden, is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly ever was wrote." The next day after this mirth Pepys took his wife to see "Queen Elizabeth's Troubles and the History of Eighty-Eight," of which he says: "I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes, but the play is the most ridiculous that I ever saw come upon the stage." The "Duchess of Malfy" he thought but a poor thing, but the "Adventures of Five Hours" he saw again and again, and found "The Silent Woman" "a brave play."

Pepys knew and liked well the principal actors of the day, Betterton, Clure, Lacy and Harris. Mrs. Knapp, of whom Mrs. Pepys was so jealous, Nell Gwynn, the Marshall sisters and Moll Davis,

Enter Maid, Sisters, Lovers, and Servant.—Great rejoicing. ♣ Enter Devil.—He obtains possession of Key, throws off his disguise and calls up his Legion of Imps. ♣ Darkness.—Flashes of lightning and claps of thunder.

who danced so well; he knew them all and loved to be in their company. In 1667, meeting with Tom Killigrew, then manager of a theatre, "he (Killigrew) and I to talk, how that the stage is now by his praises a thousand times better and more glorious than ever before. Now, wax candles and many of them; then, not above 3 lbs. of tallow; now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear garden; then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best; then, nothing but rushes on the ground and everything else mean, and now all otherwise; then the Queen seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. That he hath ever endeavored in the late King's time, and in this to introduce good music, but he never could do it, there never having been any good music better than ballads. Nay, says 'Hermitt Poore' and Chevy Chase was all the music we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers got so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still."

What more of Mr. Pepys there is to be known, will be given in an additional volume, which will contain besides an elaborate index, some papers on matters connected with the Diary, also on the London of Pepys' time. Mr. H. B. Wheatley, to whose excellent editing is due the added interest with which this edition fills the reader, promises on some future occasion to give the public Pepys' letters, which are numerous and no doubt valuable, but we can hardly hope they will absorb the attention like the Diary.

Enter Good Fairy.—Touches Key with her wand.—Banishes Devil.—Grand transformation scene.—Love Triumphant.

